



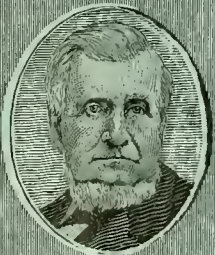
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
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MAGAZINE

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Education & Elevation
of the Young

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EDITOR.
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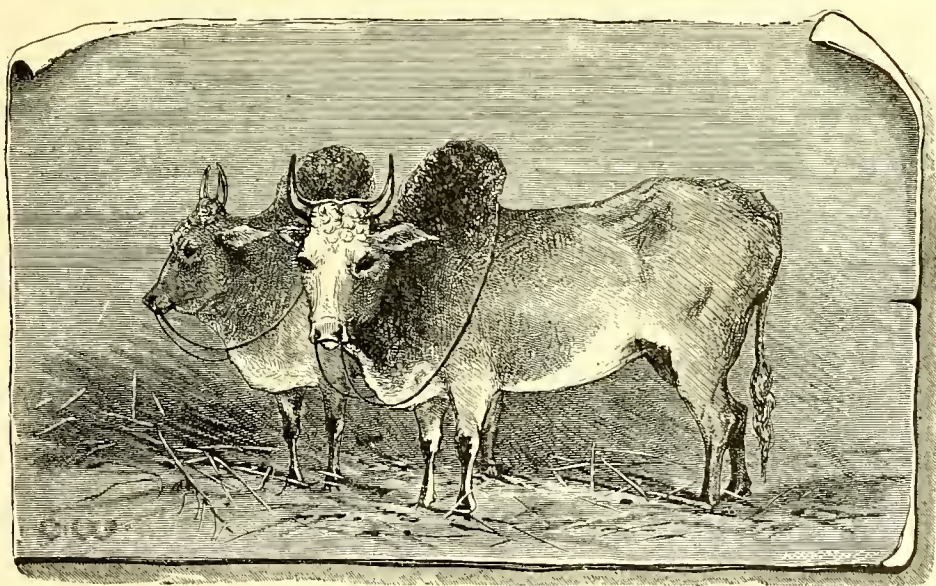
VOL. XXIV.—No. 15. SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1889. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.

THE OX.

THE OX, a ruminant quadruped of the family *Bovidae* is the most useful to man of all the domesticated animals. It is probable that the ox is a native of both Asia and of Europe, perhaps also of Africa, and not improbable that it may have been domesticated at different times and in different countries. It cannot be confidently asserted that it now

Israelites imitated in making their golden calf at Mount Sinai. Yet oxen do not appear to have formed any part of the wealth of the patriarchs. The ox was probably used as a beast of burden or draught. It is mentioned by Cæsar as a principal part of the wealth of the Britons at the time of the Roman invasion.

The ox is more frequently employed as a beast of burden and of draught in some parts



THE SACRED COW OF THE HINDOOS.

exists anywhere in a truly wild state; wild oxen are nowhere so abundant as on the pampas or great grassy plains of South America, where it is certain that they are not indigenous; and it is not impossible that the wild oxen still existing in the parks of a few noblemen in Britain may be also descended from domesticated animals. The very domestication of this animal is attested by the mention made of it in the writings of Moses, and by the worship of it in Egypt, which the

of the continent of Europe than of Great Britain and America. From the earliest historic times the horse has been more generally thus employed in Britain, and has now almost entirely superseded the ox. The gait of the ox is slow and plodding, but its strength enables it to perform a great amount of work, and it is not easily exhausted.

The ox is gregarious, and where circumstances permit, as in the South American plains, associates in very large herds. Herds

of oxen defend themselves with great vigor against the large feline animals and other assailants, the younger and weaker animals being placed in the middle, while the bulls in the outer rank confront the adversary with their horns.

The varieties or breeds differ very much in size. Among those which occur in the British Islands, the Shetland breed is not much larger than a calf of some of the others. Most of our readers have no doubt seen the small breed of horses called the Shetland pony which are also natives of those British Isles called the Shetland Islands. There is the same relative difference of size existing between the Shetland cattle and the ordinary cattle known to us as there is between the Shetland pony and our horses. Some of the breeds of the torrid zone are also very small; but the fatty hump on the back may probably be regarded as indicating a connection with the Indian ox or zebu, which, although it has been generally regarded as a variety of the common ox, is perhaps a distinct species. The "wild ox," now existing only in a few parks, as at Chillingham and Hamilton, seems, whatever its origin, to have been formerly an inhabitant of many forest districts in Britain, particularly in the north of England and south of Scotland. The habits of these wild oxen are very similar to those of the domestic races.

Of foreign races of oxen, one of the most notable, on account of its large size, is that in possession of the Kalmuc Tartars; another is that prevalent in the Roman states, generally of a bluish-ash color, with remarkably large and spreading horns. A large white breed was long kept in Egypt, and a similar breed, without the hump characteristic of the Indian ox, is found in South Africa, where, however, it has become partially intermixed with European breeds. Oxen are much employed by the Kaffirs as beasts of burden; they were also formerly trained by the Hottentots to aid them in battle. Peter Kolben, in his account of the Cape of Good Hope, written in 1705, gives an interesting description of those trained fighting oxen, which, he

says, are called Backeleyers. "In the wars of the Hottentots with one another," he says, "these backeleyers make very terrible impressions. They gore and kick, and trample to death with incredible fury." He ascribes to them also great docility, and states that they know every inhabitant of the kraal, and are perfectly inoffensive towards them, but ready to run with fury at strangers. The readiness with which the draught oxen of South Africa observe the words of the driver, is said to be almost, if not quite, equal to that of the dog. In some parts of Africa the ox is used for riding as well as for draught.

The engraving illustrates a kind of ox known as the zebu or Brahmin ox, very nearly allied to the common ox, but which is thought by many naturalists to be a distinct species. The most conspicuous distinctive character is a large fatty hump on the back, above the shoulders. The legs are also rather more slender and delicate than the European ox. The hump attains a very great size in animals plentifully supplied with food, and not compelled to work; in those which are ill fed or hard worked, it is comparatively small. The zebu is diffused over India, China, the Asiatic Islands, Madagascar, and the east coast of Africa. There are many breeds, differing very much in size; the largest being larger than any oxen of Europe, while the smallest are not much larger than a large dog. The hump on the largest breeds is said to be sometimes fifty pounds in weight. English residents in India esteem the hump as delicious for the table. There are hornless breeds; but most of the breeds have short horns. There is a breed with two fatty humps, one placed immediately behind the other, which is common in the vicinity of Surat. The voice of the zebu resembles the grunting of the yak, almost as nearly as the lowing of the ox. The zebu is used in India both as a beast of draught and of burden. It is yoked in the plow. It is occasionally used for riding. It can travel from twenty to thirty miles a day, and is very gentle and docile.

The Brahminy or sacred bulls of the Hin-

thus, consecrated to Siva, are all of this kind of ox. They are caressed and pampered by the people, and to feed them is deemed a meritorious act of religion. The Brahminy bull may go where he pleases; it is not lawful to beat him, even if he be eating a valuable crop, or if he enter a shop and devour the articles exposed for sale. He soon learns to despise shouting, which is the ordinary expedient to drive him away, and makes himself at home everywhere.

PAUL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 344.]

NOW whether Paul was married or not, is an open question with many—the language used in *I. Corinthians ix., 5*: “Have we (apostles) not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles, and as the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?” The latter is Peter, whose wife’s mother was once very ill, when Jesus visited Peter’s home. And then again, his language used in his introduction of Onesimus in his epistle to Philemon, is something stronger than that used in regard to “Timothy my son in the faith,” to support the idea that Onesimus was his son in very deed.

But then his language on another occasion: “I say therefore to the unmarried, and the widows, it is good for them if they abide even as I.” This would seem conclusive that he was unmarried; indeed, my mind has always accepted the latter idea as correct, that Paul was unmarried under the supposition that the rigidity of his discipline, self-imposed, forbade him from indulging in the pleasures and responsibilities akin to married life, and those relationships which hallow and endear to us our life here upon earth; but it had seemed to me he had devoted his entire life to the proclaiming of the gospel of Christ, to give quiet and rest to the self-condemnation forever at work in his soul on account of his early persecution of the Saints.

And then again comes the idea to our mind that the man who expressed his doubts in regard to his own teachings of denial to marriage, being given under the correct spirit, concludes with the emphatic declaration, “Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord”—that he himself would certainly place himself in that position to be acceptable to the great Prince’s Father whom he served.

One’s thoughts go out and almost charge the historians of those times in which lived our Savior and the chief enactors in His glorious life on earth with neglect of duty, for their brevity and lack of historical finish, in the lives of these men; but as regards the principles which He and they laid down, whereby man may regain the presence of his Maker, they are plain and clear unto our minds. Embraced within the grand and simple but sublime declaration of our Savior is the full duty of man: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, * * * and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.”

Paul’s claim that his labors for the cause of Christ, exceeded that of any of his brethren was no vain boast; said he, “And last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and His grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all.”

In the above language is also plainly seen with how great a force does the current of his remembrance of his persecution of the Saints oppress his mind, and seems to act as a spur to goad him on to almost superhuman exertions to redeem the disgrace of his early life.

We may not attribute to Paul this superiority over his brethren simply because he may have had the advantage of the use of the pen and an easy manner of expressing himself on

paper, as we say today; but in actual fact, his was indeed the most active life of all the apostles.

The utterance of the voice to Ananias "Go thy way for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel, for I will show him, how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

This was literally fulfilled, for Paul's life was filled with that romance and adventure, that consorted so well with his restless activity. The incident of his escape from his enemies at his conversion, and early attempt to preach the gospel, must have been humiliating to his proud spirit; while suspended in mid air from the walls of Damascus, his life depending upon the strength of arm of those whom he had set out to arrest and imprison, he must have thought quick and fast of the recent scenes of his life, as they passed in rapid succession before him in that perilous descent; but his natural bravery and fearlessness of heart were strengthened by the knowledge that the Lord had called him to His work, and undismayed he faced the danger.

Imprisoned with his companion Silas, he made the prison resound with his singing praises to God. Released therefrom by the miraculous interposition of God, we find him on Mars Hill, declaring before the elite of Athens, world renowned for their classic learning, "The unknown God," as the maker of the world, and all things therein, and that in Him they lived, and moved, and had their being, quoting the language of their own poets in their ears; he substantiated his doctrine with some, and made quite a powerful impression, by the force of his logic and reasoning.

Brought before Gallio, the deputy of Achaia, he was released, to the discomfiture of his Jewish foes; restrained from entering the theatre at Ephesus, when he would have gone to the defence of his brethren: according to his own statement he fought with beasts at this city, no doubt in the great stadium, in which their games were played, their races

ran, and their gladiators fought. The citizens of this great city, given up to idolatry, little knew as they gazed upon Paul in their arena, by what spirit he was sustained; no doubt Paul was trained to some extent in the use of arms, in his association with the Roman youths, both at his native town and afterwards at Jerusalem.

We have not the account of how he bore himself in the arena, but we may rest assured the high courage with which he was endowed carried him bravely through the ordeal. To that extent must he have been successful in the encounter with the beasts loosed upon him, that he won his way in safety from that scene of blood and barbarity, in whose revolting and cruel details the people of that day took so great an interest.

We find him next escaping from the conspiracy formed against him by forty Jews, banded together, with covenant and oath that they would not eat nor drink till they had killed him, this all in accord with the fearful and determined spirit and thirst of blood, predominates to the exclusion of all tenderness, and the fierce emotions of the human heart, which though not yet attained to the full force, according to the prophetic utterance of the seers of old, would yet be reached by those who had consented to the shedding of the blood of Christ and His followers.

Albert Jones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAW AND GOSPEL RECONCILED.—If the law had been given for the same end as the gospel; if the law had been given for man, ruined and sinful, to obtain life and salvation by it as well as the gospel, then they might have been supposed to contradict one another; but since they are given for different purposes they are but different revelations of God which are made happily subordinate one to another, and their different ends and designs are both obtained. The law convinces and condemns sinners, and the gospel relieves and pardons them, justifies and saves them.

AN UNPOLISHED DIAMOND.

WHEN I was sketching I was in the habit of tying my bundle and seizing the wanderer's staff and visiting every summer the Bavarian mountains, Tyrol or some other beautiful part of the earth that I might study lands and peoples. I happened some years since to be thus journeying and had already secured for my sketch book the form of many a beautiful dairy maid, many a stout woodman or gaudily dressed chamois hunter. One day after a rather severe march I reached towards evening a small village, located in a deep valley surrounded by rugged walls of stone, which lay still and peacefully before me beneath the setting sun.

I paused for a moment to rejoice over the beautiful picture which was extended before my gaze. Very stately stood the few large and prominent farm houses by the side of small and modest huts. Arrogantly roared the crystal-clear forest stream past the rattling mill wheels, through the juicy wheat, along the edge of the forest which extended from immediately back of the village to the rocky walls. Had I not been in such great need of rest and refreshment I would have immediately taken my portfolio and sketched the friendly village which was hidden from the world. Following, however, the inclination of my stomach rather than that of the artist, I began the careful descent of the steep foot path which in a short time led me to the desired point—the only tavern in the place, and very plain.

I had soon arranged with the proprietor of the same, a genuine son of the mountains, for the use of a small garret room with a so-called bed for a few days. After partaking of a simple evening meal, I climbed to my chamber, and with a quiet conscience stretched myself out on my place of repose, and was soon asleep.

On the following morning I began with camp stool and sketch book to unsettle the village and its neighborhood. Therein, however, I found myself deceived in my expecta-

tions. There was offered me not half as much worthy of being painted as I by the first view had anticipated. Already was I thinking of folding my tent and removing it to another locality, when on my return from an excursion on the mountains I passed the plain graveyard of the village. Finding the iron gates only partly closed I entered out of idle curiosity and looked about. Plain, half-worn, wooden crosses with the customary odorless wreaths made of colored paper everywhere I looked. Not one of the original inscriptions nor hair-bristling fables was to be seen here as is the case in other similar places in this neighborhood.

Turning to leave I discovered near the place of exit a deformed, hunch-backed creature who was engaged in removing the weeds from one of the little mounds of earth that marked a grave.

"Probably the sexton" thought I, and was about to pass him with a "Good day," when the old man, who had with great difficulty raised himself to return my salutation, looked me full in the face. I was struck with astonishment—the sad look of the aged one made a deep impression upon me, and as if bewitched I watched the stunted form as it slowly limped to another grave and commenced its work anew.

That those eyes had a history was certain. And that story I must know. It was not alone curiosity that urged me thereto; a real, almost inexpressible interest for the old, unknown cripple had taken possession of me.

Returning to my lodgings I did not fail to immediately inform my host of the meeting and to request him to relate to me, over a jug of beer, what he knew of the man.

"Oh that fellow!" responded the host with a disdainful shrug of the shoulders, after I had finished my remark. "Does the gentleman mean him? That is not our sexton. God forbid: That is only Graveyard Jack."

"Graveyard Jack?"

"Yes, or Incendiary Jack, whichever the gentleman prefers."

"How am I to understand that?"

"Well now, Jack was always a worthless piece, as is the case with all cripples. It occurred to him one day to set fire to the premises of a rich farmer who had ridiculed Jack because of his crooked form. Had it not been for an early discovery everything large and small would have been burned. It was shortly after harvest and the farmer had already suffered enough. With Jack, who was caught at the fire almost in the very act, there was short reckoning. He was sent to prison for several years. When he was released no one would have anything to do with him. Sepp alone, the miller of the town mill, who had always befriended and invariably protected him, associated with him as heretofore. Even Sepp's wife, Annie, could not change his course though she thought it a great dishonor for her husband to even look at Incendiary Jack, which name had attached to the cripple since his release. The latter allowed himself to be seen very little among honorable people, and as the forest keeper had died the municipality had given him permission to occupy the old frame house up there by the forest path. There has he already lived twenty years. He maintains himself, as well as he can by basket making and straw braiding, and interests himself in no man. But because he is always crawling about the graveyard and keeps the graves clean without being forbidden of anyone, he has also come to be known as 'Graveyard Jack.'"

"Poor old man!" exclaimed I involuntarily.

"Who poor!" warmly responded the host. "An obdurate, stubborn, good for nothing fellow is he! Think you that he acknowledged his fault in court? He said nothing. Not even the smallest word could be wrung from him however much the gentlemen present exhorted and told him that a repentant acknowledgment would modify the punishment. He remained dumb and obstinate, and when he had suffered his time and was again free, our esteemed priest visited him more than once and encouraged him to relieve his conscience. But all in vain. Finally he, too,

lost patience and he told Jack that as long as he remained impenitent he should not again visit the church. Without saying a single word Jack therefore remained outside. Consequently, my dear sir, you may spare your sympathy for a better object."

Emptying his glass my host ended his speech and turned again to his work.

Obstinate criminal or repentant sinner—no matter, that head must go in my portfolio.

Early the next morning I packed together my drawing material, and after assuring myself that at this hour Jack was not yet at the graveyard, I started by a direct path to his half-ruined hut on the edge of the forest. The door stood open and I stepped into a small room which served the occupant as a living room, kitchen and bed chamber at the same time. Jack who was seated on a bench by the hearth engaged in braiding straw mats looked at me in astonishment as I so unexpectedly entered, and again his strange look met me with peculiar force.

"Good morning, Jack!" I said to the old man. "Pardon me, that I with such composure enter, but I saw you yesterday in the graveyard, and I desire, if you will sit for me, to picture you in my portfolio."

The old man raised himself slowly and looking distrustfully at me incredulously inquired: "The gentleman desires to paint me? Is he in earnest or does he only jest with me? Well, well! I willingly believe the gentleman that my form very much pleases him," added he with a bitter laugh.

"Jack," said I, "how can you speak so! Shame upon you, to think so badly of me."

"Be not angry with me, sir, if I have done you wrong," humbly pled the cripple. "But see, when one must hear from youth up scoffs and jeers about his deformed body, suspicion almost eats down into his very soul for all time."

"I can easily believe it, I can believe it," I replied, being filled with a deep sympathy. "But truly, now that you know my object, may I paint you? Now, you will do me the favor?"

"Willingly, willingly! But—" continued he with hesitation and as he bowed himself over his work so that I could not see his face, "does the gentleman know with whom he speaks?"

"Certainly," I replied without the least embarrassment, "you are known here as Graveyard Jack because you are continually doing some work in the graveyard."

"And my other name, has no one told it to the gentleman, and what is connected with it?" At the same time he raised his head, and looked at me with such earnestness in his piercing eyes that it was impossible for me to tell even a well-intended falsehood.

"Yes Jack," said I, looking at him frankly and with friendliness, "it has been told me."

"And you have still come? You did not fear to visit me in my hut?"

"Why should I? What you did was long since expiated. Besides I am not your judge, and who among us is free from sin?"

A grateful glance was the reply, while a tear drop trembled on his gray eyelash.

Drawing his hands quickly across his eyes he spoke again in his mournful tone, "What the gentleman has said is good and true; it may also be the feeling where he lives, but here it is otherwise. Here there is no consideration for repentance and atonement. The sinner is ever an object of scorn to the honorable people. True they speak very beautifully and encouragingly of love and forgiveness, and the preacher every Sunday talks of them from the pulpit, but not one of them acts accordingly."

These words struck me to the heart. I now checked the conversation and arranged the time for his sitting on the following day. This done I extended my hand to him in a friendly way.

Casting a searching, doubting look at me he hesitatingly grasped it. A great struggle was visible in his features, when suddenly he pressed my hand tremblingly to his lips.

My feelings are not as a rule very tender, but this act threatened to unman me. Quickly breaking away I hastened to the top of the

mountain where I could recover my composure and reflect upon what I had seen and heard.

Incendiary Jack had completely taken possession of my thoughts. He was in my mind as I fell asleep and as I awoke. That countenance, those eyes haunted me, and the more I saw of the old man the greater was my sympathy for him. As he sat before me and I viewed his features I could not believe that he was the obdurate criminal, the unrepented sinner that he was charged with being. Either he was a practiced hypocrite, or he was far from being as bad as was said. I was inclined to the latter belief and determined to make the attempt to learn the truth of the cripple's life and alleged crime.

E. Wittemann.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORSE THAN MARRIAGE.

A BACHELOR, old and cranky,
Was sitting alone in his room;
His toes with the gout were aching,
And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

No little one's shouts disturbed him,
From noises the house was free,
In fact from the attic to cellar
Was quiet as quiet could be.

But still there was something wanting,
Something he couldn't command;
The kindly words of compassion,
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,
And he rang for the hiring nurse,
"Well, marriage may be a failure,
But this is a blamed sight worse."

LIFE A LOAN.—Some men make a womanish complaint, that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she, indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition you received it?

For Our Little Folks.

DIME NOVELS.

A WEEK or two ago, four boys in New York, from fourteen to sixteen years old, resolved to start to the West to seek their fortunes. After long saving, they managed to provide their outfit, which consisted of one gun, two parlor-pistols, one dagger, four horse-blankets, (for their fiery mustangs which they meant to bestride) and twenty cents in cash.

They met at midnight at one of the ferries for a start, when the leader of the expedition discovered that he had left the photograph of his lady-love at home, and declaring that he could not travel without it, went back for it.

His mother heard him climbing in at the bath-room window, and gave the alarm; a policeman arrested him as a burglar, and he was marched off to a police-station, where his father recognized him the next morning.

The story came out, and the boys were taken home, we are told, "to be taught better sense." We doubt, however, if the teaching will be successful. A boy who can reach the age of sixteen with no other qualification for facing and conquering the world than a pistol, a dagger, and the ideas gained from dime novels, is not likely ever to make a useful man in it. His parents are too late in beginning their training.

We have often before called attention to the growing ill effects of this lower class of sensational novel and story-papers upon our young people. An incident which occurred the other day enforces this fact as no words of ours can do.

A young woman was sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of her husband, a good honest man, who had been faithful and kind to her. "In her cell," states the newspaper of the town, "after the trial was over, was found the unopened Bible, furnished to all prisoners, and heaps of the cheap novels which she had delighted to read for years."

If her reading had been different, so we venture to say, would have been her actions and her fate. "Figs do not bring forth thorns, nor grapes thistles." Y.

ETHEL, a very little girl, is sent to one of the schools where words and their meanings are taught by descriptions of common objects and by the application of terms to things which the pupils may see. When she came home the first day she examined her baby brother critically as he lay in his cradle and said, "Mother, Fred's oblong and horizontal, aint he?"

"THERE now," cried a little girl, while she was rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHAT did Rigdon do after he came out openly in opposition to the Church? 2. Where did he go soon after? 3. What did he do after his arrival there? 4. What was the results of his efforts? 5. What excellent effect upon the Church did their exertions have? 6. Did they do the least harm to the truth, the servants of God or the Church? 7. Whom did they injure by the course they pursued? 8. Why? 9. What did they hope to have done? 10. What became of them finally? 11. Has not this always been the case with apostates?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.
13, VOL. XXIV.

1. WHEN did the Twelve Apostles, through their president, Brigham Young, assert their right to lead the Church? A. In the afternoon meeting, held August 8, 1844.

2. How did Sidney Rigdon act while Brigham Young was delivering his powerful discourse upon the authority of the Twelve Apostles, etc.? A. He sat in the stand with his back to the congregation, and much of the time with his head down.

3. What did he do when asked to speak? A. He declined, but called upon Elder W. W. Phelps to speak for him.

4. After all those who had been called upon to speak had finished,

what did President Young say to the people? A. "I do not want you to take my counsel or advice alone, but every one of you act for yourselves; but if Brother Rigdon is the person you want to lead you, vote for him, but not unless you intend to follow him and support him as you did Joseph. Do not say so without you mean to take his counsel hereafter."

5. How did he say they should act with regard to the Twelve? A. "Don't make a covenant to support them unless you intend to abide by their counsel; and if they do not counsel you as you please, don't turn around and oppose them."

6. After adding a few more remarks, what question did he put to the Elders and other officers, as quorums? A. "Do you want Brother Rigdon to stand forward as your leader, your guide, your spokesman?"

7. What did Sidney tell him at this point? A. That he desired him to bring up the other question first.

8. How did President Young then state the question? A. "Does the Church want, and is it their only desire to sustain the Twelve as the First Presidency of the people? Here are the Apostles, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Doctrine and Covenants—they are written on the tablet of my heart. If the Church want the Twelve to stand at their head, the First Presidency of the Church, and at the head of this Kingdom in all the world, stand next to Joseph, walk up into their calling and hold

the keys of this kingdom, every man, every woman, every quorum is now put in order, and you are now the sole controllers of it. All that are in favor of this, in all the congregation of the Saints, manifest it by holding up' the right hand."

9. How did the Saints vote on this question? A. Unanimously in favor of its adoption.

THE names of those who correctly Answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 13, are as follows: Henry H. Blood, Heber C. Blood, Jennetta Blood and James G. West.

PRIZES AWARDED.

THE three prizes offered for the best list of Answers to Questions on Church History printed in the first half of this volume, are awarded to the following:

Henry H. Blood, first prize; one year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Heber C. Blood, second prize; a book entitled "The History of California."

Emma E. Tolman, third prize; a work entitled "On the Banks of the Amazon."

WHEN ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.

TOLD HIM WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIM.

FALSEHOOD enters largely into the too frequent selfish discourtesies we see. Often we know this very well, when we suffer from it, but few of us have the courage and plainness to speak our conviction "out loud"—as was done in the blunt lesson given here:

An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down. Approaching one gentleman, who had a whole bench to himself, he asked:

"Is this seat occupied?"

"Yes, sir, it is," impertinently replied the other.

"Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat till the gentleman comes."

The original proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion, and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturist turned and said:

"Sir, when you told me this seat was occupied you told me a lie,"—such was his plain language. "I never sit near a liar if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up."

Then, appealing to another party, he said:

"Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar."

We need hardly say that he got his seat, and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system.

PETS.

ONCE knew an old man who lived in a lonely spot, near the woods, who made pets of nearly every creature living near him.

He would not allow them to be caged.

The squirrels would come at his call to get the nuts and acorns he never forgot to stow away for them.

The birds knew where to look for crumbs he always saved for them.

Even the mice were tame enough for one to eat from his hand; and although they meddled with his scanty provisions, not one of them would he harm.

One gray squirrel had been tamed in a cage and freed, built his nests year after year in the tree shading his door; apparently no mate could be persuaded to share his nests with him, for although squirrels of his kind were in the woods near by, the nests never had any occupant but himself, and were finally destroyed by wind and storm.

Yet Bunny seemed to enjoy building them.

It was a pretty sight to see the little creature running with the leaves in his mouth with which to make the nest, or springing from the lower

branches to his friend's shoulder,—sometimes pausing in his play, or work, to take the meat from a nut or acorn, in his deft and graceful way.

H. H. D.

JOHN HARPER.

ABOUT half a century ago there came to the city of New York a poor printer boy, who had been religiously educated and who had early consecrated his own efforts in life to the service of God.

One Saturday afternoon he was given a long piece of copy, which he could not complete without working on Sunday. He gave it a glance, and then said,—

"I will work on this till twelve o'clock at night, and finish what I can; but I will not work tomorrow."

"Then you will have to lose your place," said the foreman.

He took the copy to his employer, told him that he had been taught to reverence the Sabbath, and that he would resign his situation rather than violate his conscience.

His employer could but respect such a spirit, and he never again required him to work on Sunday.

That boy was John Harper, the principal founder of the princely publishing-house of Harper & Brothers, N. Y., a house representing millions of capital, and exerting an influence throughout the world.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Our Amusements.



IN the midst of religious people in the world the feeling formerly was and still is with many, that various kinds of amusements, such as theatrical representations and dances, and other amusements of a kindred character, were all sinful, and should be forbidden. Religious people would have nothing to do with the theater, and they denounced it and frowned upon all who patronized it. The same with balls or dancing parties, and the same with many other forms of amusement. The result was that young people, in their eagerness to obtain amusement, broke away from the restraints of religion and were forced into an attitude of defiance. The theater, therefore, and dances have in too many cases been left to the giddy and the thoughtless, and to the wicked, and evil things have grouped themselves around places of amusement of this character. The example of the Latter-day Saints, however, has had the effect to modify this feeling among many religious people.

President Young, after we came to this valley, displayed great wisdom in connection with the amusements of the people. It was plain to him that amusements and recreation are necessary to human beings and to the full enjoyment of their powers. Instead, therefore, of prohibiting them, and separating himself and the leading men from them, he provided for them. He did this while the camps were traveling from Nauvoo to Salt Lake Valley. At Winter Quarters many a delightful hour was spent in social enjoyment and in the amusement of the dance while the people were in a miserable condition for the

want of many comforts to which they had been accustomed. It would have been a most unwise thing to have left them to brood over their sorrows and the deprivations to which they were subjected. The gaiety of feeling which prevailed among the Latter-day Saints while performing that difficult journey is due in part, at least, to the fact that they were encouraged to indulge in amusements, and that arrangements were made for them to have them.

In early days President Young erected the Social Hall. Here the people met from time to time and witnessed theatrical performances and took part in other amusements that were provided. Instead of holding himself aloof from these he invariably attended them. He dignified them by his own presence, and used his influence with his companions, the leading men of the people, to do the same. The result was that instead of the theater and the ball-room becoming haunts of vice, they were patronized by the best and most refined people in the community. Vice dared not show its face at such places. Everything that would be likely to lead to impropriety was repressed and excluded, and amusements were freely indulged in by all the members of the community.

Young people, in this way, were kept from disobeying their parents in order to obtain amusement.

The erection of the theater in Salt Lake was in entire keeping with this judicious policy of President Young. It was true statesmanship on his part to thus provide for the amusement of the people of whom he was the leader. The effects which have followed the erection of that building are well known to the community. Control has been kept of the amusements of the people. While he lived he attended the theater as regularly as if it were a duty he had to perform. He also made provisions for the leading men to do the same.

Efforts have not been wanting to introduce other places of amusement; and if it had not been for the grand structure erected by Pres-

ident Young those efforts would have been more or less successful, and the young people of the community, to some extent, would have been drawn away, but the theater, patronized and sustained by him, held the supremacy and the attempts which were made to attract the people to other places of amusement were failures.

Every Latter-day Saint who has given the subject thought has felt the right kind of pride in the theater, and though there may have been times when the wishes of its founder have not been fully carried out, still, withal, it has been a place well regulated and where the Latter-day Saints could go themselves and permit their families to attend without fear of bad results following.

We think that it is the duty of every leading man in every settlement to recognize this want of human nature. When men advance in life they are apt to forget the feeling of their youth and early manhood. They become staid and settled, and are liable to look upon the desires for amusement on the part of young people as light and frivolous; but the great fact remains, notwithstanding all this, that young people crave enjoyment. The danger is that if leading men and parents will not provide for it in a proper manner and in proper places, the young people will seek for it in an improper manner and in improper places. When they do so they are exposed to temptation; they form bad associations; and even if they do not form bad associations, they may form undesirable acquaintances which cannot be easily shaken off, and which may have a serious effect upon their after lives.

There is a well grounded objection to our houses which are built and dedicated to the worship of the Lord being afterwards used for dances. We share in this objection. We think that much of the irreverence which we sometimes see manifested in our places of worship by our young people is due to the fact that dances and other amusements have been indulged in within their walls. That peculiarly sacred character which should always surround a place of worship has been

taken away by it being used for amusements. But while these are our feelings, we would say respecting a place of this kind, better to use it even for dances, under proper direction, than to force young people to go elsewhere away from their friends and right influences to seek for that amusement that is denied them at home. It is not necessary, though, as a general thing, that places of worship should be used as places of amusement. There is scarcely any community among us that cannot, with well directed effort, erect a hall expressly for purposes of amusement and recreation. Such a building is as necessary in its place as the houses of worship, and should receive that attention that the necessities of the case demand.

Leading men should not close their eyes to these facts. They should not imagine, because they do not require amusement of this character, that their children, so different in age to themselves, should be like them. The enjoyments of youth and age are not always alike. Parents and others should be wise in these matters, and while furnishing amusements they should not leave these amusements to the control of imprudent persons, but be present at them and see that they are conducted with good taste and a due regard to the proprieties of life.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

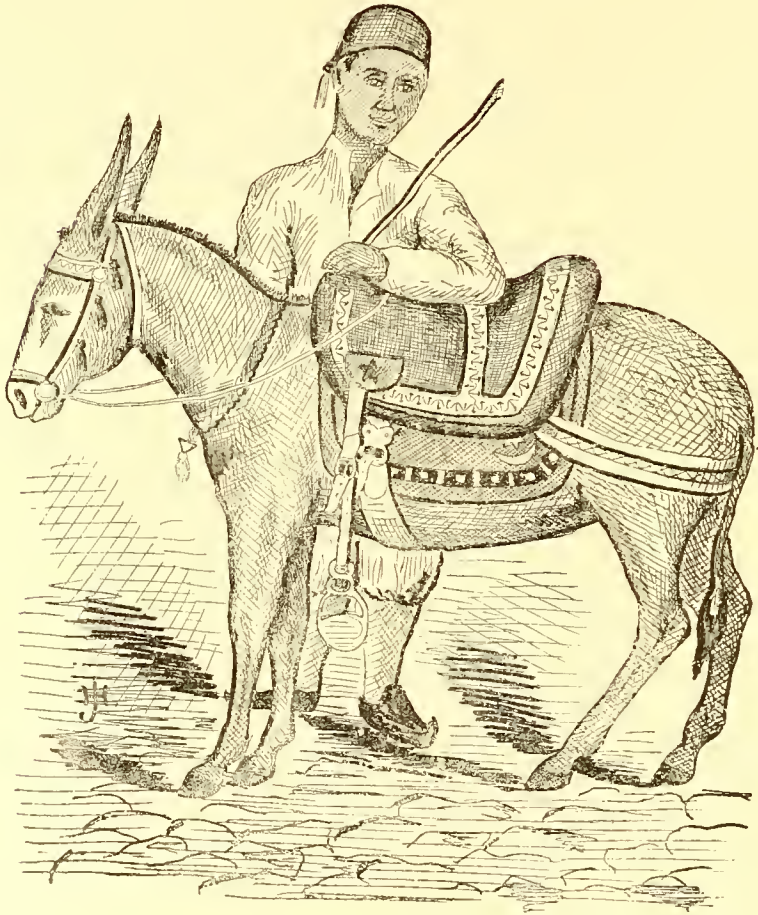
THIS is a little donkey drawn purposely to please our young readers; the real live one lives in the far-off country of Turkey.

We wonder why people make so much fun of the donkey. In all climes, where its usefulness is a blessing to man, the most sedate persons laugh when it attempts a bray. They could be excused for this, however, but that is not all. People connect the little animal's name with the most shameful reproach. "As stupid as an ass" is English, while in Turkey they say of each other when quarreling, "You are neither man nor dog, you are an ass."

The donkey must bear all this, whereas it is the most useful creature of those people who say the hardest things about it.

Regardless of modern reproach the don-

ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." And we read in Judges (*x: 3, 4*) that Jair, the Gileadite, who judged Israel twenty and two years, "had thirty sons that



THE "OMNIBUS."

key has a proud history. In biblical times it was the favored animal of eastern aristocracy, and far superior to the horse in their estimation. Judges and rulers then rode on it in state, and it became proverbial to say: "Speak

rode on thirty ass colts, and they had thirty cities." And, again, (*12: 13*) Abdon had forty sons and thirty nephews that rode on threescore and ten ass colts; and he judged Israel eight years." The sight of so many

royal lads, the offspring of one man, and riding donkeys, would surely astonish many good Bible readers of the favored nineteenth century, if not strike them with holy horror.

Even the famous David, Israel's great king, used a donkey; and when he, hearing of Adonijah's rebellion, wished to forestall his success by an abdication in favor of Solomon he issued an immediate order to this effect: "Take with you the servants of your lord, and cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon my own mule, and bring him to Gihon."

When the donkey was so highly honored, are we then surprised that it should be the animal our Savior chose for His triumphal ride into Jerusalem, when "a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from trees and strewed them in the way? And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried saying, "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

In the early days of Israel, the donkey seems to have been put to what we would now term comical use, for the following law was then given: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." (*Deut. xv: 10.*) The Apostle Paul seemingly thought it as awkward for Saints to marry with unbelievers, and he must have derived inspiration from the passage cited, when he wrote to the Corinthians, "Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers." Other people also put the donkey to strange but honored use, by using it as a standard of wealth, the same as we now use the dollar. People then said a man was worth so many donkeys, whereas we now say one is worth so many dollars.

But we are really not to deal with history in sketching the Orient of today, yet what is said we felt to say to the honor of all good donkeys, in whatsoever land they may be found. The donkeys have no original home, so far as is known; but, like other domestic animals the blessing of man, they have followed him into many countries and climes, patiently performing his drudgery.

Probably in no country under the sun is the donkey at present put to more or various kinds of work than in the east. Here it packs rich, finely dressed ladies of the harems, pompous pashas, and is the "omnibus," if we may use the term, of many large and flourishing cities. It is the common slave of rich and poor, and packs their water, wood, bread, meat, milk, fruit, street-refuse, building material, and it is often a moving toy-shop, which would make the young reader stare with interest. It carries immense burdens, too, and seems to handle them knowingly. Often may be seen a train of from eight to twelve donkeys, loaded with long planks for building purposes, push their way through the crowded streets of Constantinople. They are driven by a young lad, whose voice they know, and it alone obey. When one gets among the droves it requires some smart moves to become extricated, for the donkeys move straight on for their destination, and would not respect the Sultan, should he be found in so sad a predicament.

Another amusing sight is the baker's donkey. It is harnessed with two large panniers, or huge baskets of wicker work—one on either side—and so large that the little creature is most entirely hid, excepting two large ears in front, four little feet beneath, and a brisk little tail behind.

Water is carried in large leathern bottles of eight to twelve gallons capacity, and many ingenious devices are known to suit the material carried.

The "omnibus," as we have taken leave to call our sketch, is exclusively used in all large cities of the Ottoman Empire, excepting the capital, where the real omnibus of the west is replacing it. It is slow work, however, as the wagon costs twenty-five cents the quarter of an hour, while the donkey will take you the same distance for ten cents, and a bare-legged, swarthy-faced Mohammedan lad will follow behind and whip the motor power in fine style, as fast as it can switch its tail.

If you ever have occasion to use the donkey take the lad along with you by all means.

It costs the same, and he will always come in handy, even if the donkey should willingly start off itself. A drove of eastern "omni-busses" have been shipped to the Paris Exhibition, and it was deemed highly necessary to take their drivers to render them of service.

James C. Clove.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



THE Apostle John has written these words, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God."

This counsel applies to Saints in these days as much as it did in those unto whom the Apostle John wrote. It is right that Latter-day Saints should try every spirit which manifests itself or seeks to obtrude itself among them, not by seeking after it, but when it makes its appearance to see and understand by its fruits whether it be of God or not.

It is necessary that we who live in these days should be careful not to be deceived. Within the short space of a week two men have come to the First Presidency of the Church, each professing to have had revelations from God assigning him certain labors and duties to perform. One man has traveled all the way from Independence, Jackson County, with a message to the First Presidency, as he says, to tell them how Zion shall be redeemed, and threatening the First Presidency with various calamities unless they receive his word.

Another has come a long distance to see the First Presidency to ask them, to ordain him that he may obtain what he calls, the "Plates of Nephi," which he says he is to bring forth, the place of their concealment having been revealed to him as being in Arizona.

Both of these individuals profess to believe that the First Presidency of the Church are the authorized servants of God, and are standing in their right places. This being the case,

it might reasonably be supposed that if there were any truth in their pretended messages, the Lord would have told the First Presidency something about it. But the First Presidency have received no word from that source informing them that they should do anything of the kind which these men propose to them. To the First Presidency, therefore, it is evident that these messages are false, for if the Lord had informed these men to come to them, He certainly would not neglect to prepare the First Presidency for their coming, inasmuch as they are His authorized servants.

These instances of deception show how necessary it is that the Latter-day Saints should be careful not to entertain spirits which are not of God—spirits of delusion, spirits which lead men into darkness and error, and which, if they follow, will lead them to destruction.

The adversary is very busy endeavoring to lead astray the children of men. In every possible way he seeks to seduce them from the path that the Lord has marked out. He appeals to them in the manner most likely to deceive them, and brings influences of various kinds to bear upon them. If our eyes could be opened to see the agencies he employs to effect his ends we would be astonished. These agencies are invisible, but mankind are surrounded by them. When we think that one-third of the hosts of heaven were cast out with Lucifer and fell with him, and still are his angels, we can form an idea how numerous they are. Their punishment was like his—that they could not have a tabernacle of flesh and blood. Filled with anger and hatred, like their leader Lucifer, they have ever striven to destroy the family of God—to destroy those, who, through obedience to Him, retained their first estate and had the privilege of entering upon their second estate—the probation which we now have.

They operate upon the Latter-day Saints when they can, and by all their cunning arts seek to destroy the purposes of God.

We have been reminded very much of late of the parable of the Savior concerning the

man who sowed good seed in his field, but while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat. A good many of the authorities of the Church, and leading men generally, for upwards of four years past have been unable to perform their labors in the ministry publicly. While this has been their condition much bad seed has been sown by the adversary, and the fruits of this seed begin to manifest themselves. The results are, a disposition to murmur, to find fault, to contend and divide, and to question the authority of the servants of God to counsel the Saints, and in some instances to resent such actions as improper interference. These are some of the fruits of the bad seed which has been sown.

There is a pressing necessity for the labors of wise men among us in teaching the people, in giving them correct information, and in dispelling the ignorance and misapprehension that prevails upon many points of doctrine and public policy. In the absence of correct information there is danger of designing men taking advantage of the people, and turning their attention from those principles which they embraced when they espoused the gospel. Whenever men attempt among Latter-day Saints to separate the people from the Priesthood and the Priesthood from the people, and to create a gulf between them, everyone may know that they are not of God. The spirit of God is the spirit of union, and of love, and there can be no division between the servants of God and His people when all are doing their duty.

There are people who are not of us who would be delighted to make the people believe that the leading men of this Church are unfit to be trusted and unto whom the people should not listen. Whenever the spirit of apostasy makes itself manifest this is one of its signs. Experience has proved from the very beginning of the Church in our day that whenever men exhibit a disposition to find fault with and murmur at the servants of God it is a sure sign of coming apostasy. Unless they speedily repent they are found outside of the Church of God.

No matter what men's standing may be they cannot indulge in these feelings without the most serious consequences following. This is a spirit, therefore, that is not of God, and of which Latter-day Saints should beware. Murmuring, fault-finding, evil speaking, jealousies and envyings are not the fruits of the Spirit of God. They are the fruits of the spirit of the evil one, and we may know by the effect that follows indulgence in this spirit that it is not of God.

Men or women who indulge in any of these feelings who yield to this spirit are not happy. They are not at peace with themselves, neither are they at peace with others. But the Spirit of God produces peace and happiness. Where wrongs exist it points out the proper way to correct those wrongs, but it does not lead men to murmur, to grumble, to indulge in fault-finding and condemning their fellow-men, and much less to speak evil of the Lord's anointed.

The present is a time when Latter-day Saints should examine themselves and see what manner of spirit they are of. They should be very careful that they are under the influence of the Spirit of God, and that other influences do not have power over them.

The Editor.

THE LOST LETTER.

JACOB CARTER and Albert Harrison were merchants living in adjoining towns. The strong friendship existing between them in boyhood had not declined in manhood. Each possessed sterling traits of character, though the two men were quite unlike.

Mr. Carter was much beloved because of his gentle nature and kindly qualities. The short-comings of his fellow-men were always viewed by him with a charitable eye. Mr. Harrison, on the contrary, though an honest, true man, was harsh and inflexible, and quick to condemn any deviation in others from the code of rectitude laid down for himself.

One bright morning he said to his son, as he sealed a letter he had just written:

"Paul, I want you to carry this letter to the post-office. Don't stop on the way. It must go out in the next mail."

Paul took it, put on his hat, and went whistling down the street. On his way he had to pass the home of Caleb Parker, his most intimate friend.

"Hello!" called Caleb from the piazza. "I've just had a streak of luck. Uncle Roger has given me a splendid Newfoundland dog."

"Oh, that's jolly!" returned Paul eagerly.

"Come in and see him," urged Caleb.

Paul glanced at the clock on the church steeple. It lacked a full half-hour to mail-time. Thoughtless of the disobedience he was committing, he yielded to the temptation before him. A few minutes could be easily spared.

He hurried with Caleb to the shed where "Rover" was tied, and spent five minutes admiring and praising the splendid "puppy."

Then he continued his walk. But on reaching the post-office he found, to his great dismay, that the letter was missing.

He was sure he had carefully put it in his pocket. What should he do? He remembered pulling out his handkerchief while talking with Caleb, and thinking it was probable it fell out then, he quickly retraced his steps to Mr. Parker's house. He told Caleb his trouble, and the two made a thorough search. But the letter could not be found. Paul was in agony.

"I'd about as soon be killed as to go home and tell father. He told me not to stop by the way, and he'll whip me awfully."

"Do you know what was in the letter?" inquired Caleb, after thinking a little.

"Yes, father wrote to Mr. Carter to send him twenty barrels of flour, to last till he gets a supply from the west."

"Then save yourself a whipping by holding your tongue. Don't say a word to your father about it. Come to my room and write another letter, and sign your father's name to

it. It won't do any harm, and 'twill bring the flour all the same. Only keep whist."

Paul hesitated. He knew Caleb was a wrong counselor; that a frank and straightforward course was the only right one.

But he had been twice severely punished for small acts of thoughtless disobedience, and the pain of the blows was fresh in his memory.

"Well, on the whole, Caleb, I guess I will follow your advice. I cannot see what hurt it can do."

They went into the house. Paul took the offered pen and ink, and quickly wrote thus:

"Merritown, May 9th,—"

MR. CARTER: Dear Sir, I wish to purchase of you twenty barrels of good flour, to be sent immediately.

A. HARRISON, per P. H."

Paul had seen his father's clerk write letters on business, and sign them in this way.

Ten minutes later he deposited the letter in the post-office and went home.

"Did you get my letter in before the mail went?" asked Mr. Harrison, as Paul entered the parlor.

"The letter was there in time," was the evasive reply.

A growing uneasiness now took possession of the boy's heart, and he really felt sorry that he had not braved his father's displeasure and owned the truth. He had been guilty of crooked dealing, and his act, as such acts always do, left something to dread. It was too late now, he reasoned, to retrieve the mistake; but what might come of it he could not tell. He grew more and more unhappy in thinking about it. Three days afterwards Mr. Harrison received twenty barrels of flour from the wholesale house of Mr. Carter.

It was a great relief to Paul's mind. The letter substituted had apparently fulfilled its purpose as well as if it had been the original.

A week went by. One morning Mr. Harrison said to his wife at the breakfast table:

"I sent a check of one hundred and fifty dollars to Mr. Carter. Don't see why it hasn't been acknowledged."

Terror and dismay instantly overspread

Paul's face, and he quickly left the table. It had not before occurred to him that the lost letter held a check, which was lost too. The thought appalled him, and terrible forebodings tortured his soul.

Late in the afternoon of that day, as Paul sat alone in the library, the door-bell rang, and a moment after he heard his father cordially greet Mr. Carter, and invite him into the parlor.

They held a low, earnest conversation together. Mr. Carter seemed to be giving some important information which astonished Mr. Harrison.

The door was closed, but occasionally part of a sentence came distinctly to Paul's ears. He heard the words, "check;" "stolen from a letter;" "State-prison offence;" "young for such a crime."

He looked out of the window into the street, and a strong impulse seized him to flee from the house, but his limbs were powerless to act.

Suddenly Mr. Harrison opened the door.

"Paul, come here," he said. "Mr. Carter wishes to talk with you."

The boy went into the parlor, nervous and trembling. One glance at the weary, serious expression of Mr. Carter's face seemed to assure him of his coming doom. Faintly, and with a palpitating heart, he returned the good man's salutation.

"I want to ask you a few questions," began Mr. Carter. "Can you tell me—why, how you shake! What's the matter?"

"Nothing—yes—I—I don't know," stammered Paul.

"I want you to tell me all you know about—"

"O, sir," interrupted Paul quickly, "I know nothing about it. I haven't stolen the check! I didn't know there was any in the letter."

Mr. Carter and Mr. Harrison exchanged glances of surprise.

"O father," pleaded Paul pitifully, "I never told you a lie! *never*, NEVER! and I hope you'll believe me now!"

"Believe *what*, my son?"

"That—that—I didn't steal the check! I—I lost your letter—but—but I didn't know it held a check!" with chattering teeth.

"Lost my letter! *what* letter? Out with the truth!" commanded Mr. Harrison.

"The one you wrote to Mr. Carter. You gave it to me to carry to the post-office. There was plenty of time before the mail closed, and I stopped a few minutes to look at Caleb's new dog. The letter was dropped somewhere, and I couldn't find it—and—and I thought it was only an order for flour, and I wrote another and signed your name to it. I knew it would bring the flour all the same, and it did."

Paul began to cry.

"I received that letter and forwarded the flour at once," put in Mr. Carter.

"Go on, Paul. So you have forged a letter for me. What else have you done?" asked Mr. Harrison, in a severe tone.

"That's all I have to tell—nothing else," sobbed the boy.

"Your father's letter, with a check of one hundred and fifty dollars, came to me. I had two letters, one a few days after the other," said Mr. Carter. "The lost letter had been picked up and forwarded according to its written direction." A look of mingled relief and surprise suddenly came over Paul's face.

"Why did you suspect me of stealing the check, then!" he asked, drying his tears.

"Don't see what led you to think I did suspect you. What did?" questioned Mr. Carter.

Because I heard father and you talking about a check that was stolen from a letter, and just after that you mentioned my name."

Mr. Carter burst into a hearty laugh, and even the knitted brows of Mr. Harrison relaxed. Paul's face flushed crimson.

"You were more frightened than hurt, my boy," said Mr. Carter, laying his hand on Paul's shoulder. "Your course was not right, and guilt is a loud accuser, and is easily alarmed. But no one has suspected you of stealing, Paul. I was only telling your father

that Abel Phillips, the son of one of our friends, has lately forged on a stolen check, and is likely to go to prison."

"But something was certainly said about me."

"Yes; I asked to see you, to inquire about your school-mate, Ned Lee, who wants a place in my store."

Paul gave Mr. Carter all the information he wanted about his schoolmate, while Mr. Harrison sat thinking. He was not quite ready to change the subject. "Paul," said he sternly, "how comes it that you are so late in owning that you lost my letter?"

Paul hung his head.

"'Twasn't right, I know father. I hated to hide it, but I thought it would—it would save me from a beating."

Paul left the room, and the merchants were again alone.

"Albert," said Mr. Carter earnestly, "we have been friends from boyhood, and I hope you won't take offence at my plain speaking. Don't you see that you are helping your son to make a rogue?"

"A *rogue*! What do you mean?"

"That's what the end will be. Paul is a little thoughtless and impetuous, but a good boy in the main. It was dread of punishment, you see, that forced him to act underhanded in this thing. Encourage frankness in him by keeping him less under fear. He has taken his lesson in artifice. God grant it may be his last."

Half an hour later Mr. Carter went away, and Mr. Harrison sat long absorbed in thought.

A revelation had been made to him. He arose and went to Paul's room.

"Well, Paul," said he, "you have paid a heavier penalty for concealment than if the truth had been told at first."

"Indeed I have father; I never had anything worry me half so much in my life."

"Always be true and open, Paul, and you need have no fear of me."

Father and son had both learned an important lesson.

S. P. B.

IS THE LORD UPON OUR SIDE?

Reply to "Who's on the Lord's side, who?"

Is the Lord upon our side,
Is His Spirit still our guide
Is His mighty arm made bare
By night and day?
Is His kind and watchful care
At all times brought to bear
To save us from despair
From evil's dread array?

Are we worthy of His love
As He views us from above,
Does His Holy Spirit move
And guide our way?
In the dark and trying hour
Through the straight and narrow way,
Or when our footsteps stray
Do we ever watch and pray?

Are we willing to be tried,
And shorn of lust and pride,
And in His power confide
To light our way?
Armed with the power divine
To make our faces shine
And fulfill the great design
And own God's sway?

The proofs are far and wide,
That the Lord is on our side,
Which cannot be denied
And plain to view.
The gospel light is here
The Saints to bless and cheer
To banish doubt and fear
Life's journey through.

All glory to the Lord
For His pure and holy word
The Priesthood is restored
To earth again.
And God is reconciled
Looks down in mercy mild
On man by sin defiled,
Made free from stain.

W.

THERE is no contending with necessity; and we should be very tender how we censure those who submit to it. It is one thing to be at liberty to do what we will, and another thing to be tied up to do what we must.

A GENTLEMAN.

WE ADMIRE the man of brains, but we grapple to the man of heart. One who knew well the two greatest leaders of Whig politics in the country described them accurately by an illustration.

If a child, he said, should meet Daniel Webster in the street, the youngster would stand on the opposite side, with hands crossed behind his back, and stare at him with open mouth, until the great man had passed out of sight.

But if that child should encounter Henry Clay, his impulse would be to run up to him and take hold of his hand.

Mr. Clay's heart gave many a useful lesson to his head; while Daniel Webster's brain stifled many a protest of his heart.

There is a radical difference in influence, between the man whose heart beats warmly in sympathy with other people, and he whose head drives sympathy from his heart. The difference was appreciated by a friend of both of these great men.

"When I have spent an evening with Daniel Webster," he said, "I go away thinking, 'What a great man Webster is!' But after I have left Mr. Clay's society, having past a pleasant evening in social intercourse, I say to myself, 'Well old fellow, you didn't acquit yourself badly; you really talked well!'"

Webster's intellect had so impressed his visitor as to draw from him only admiration. Clay's kindness of heart and social tact had, on the contrary, elevated the guest in his own opinion. He had been put at ease, drawn out, and set in the best light. Therefore, to one he gave homage, the other affection.

Webster himself recognized the difference which brain and heart makes between men.

"Your father," he once said to a daughter of John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, "is a great and good man. Great men are not difficult to find, but a great and good man is rarely seen in this world. Mr. Crittenden is a great and good man."

Two or three anecdotes confirm that judgment, and illustrate the goodness of Kentucky's eloquent statesman.

The late Francis Preston Blair and Mr. Crittenden were playmates, schoolmates, and personal friends. When Adams and Jackson were rival candidates for the Presidency, the two friends politically separated.

Mr. Blair, an ardent Jackson man, made a violent speech in which he abused Mr. Crittenden personally, who was present. No sooner had he finished than he was ashamed of himself. Dreading the lashing which he thought his eloquent friend had in store for him, he stole off to the outskirts of the crowd.

Finding, however, that Mr. Crittenden did not make the slightest personal allusion to him, he drew nearer. One by one the orator took up the charges with which Blair had assailed him, and refuted them. But not one word was said against the assailant, and even his name was not mentioned. Blair felt humiliated by his friend's magnanimity.

A few days after, Mr. Crittenden entered an office where Mr. Blair was seated. "Well, Preston, how are you?" he said, extending his hand.

Greatly embarrassed, Mr. Blair stammered out a salutation. There was a pause, and Blair, feeling that something should be said to break the silence, remarked,—

"You had a son born in your house, yesterday, Crittenden; what do you intend to call him?"

"I have been thinking, Preston," replied Mr. Crittenden, "of calling him by that name which you have been trying of late to dishonor."

"That, with the kind and sorrowful glance which accompanied it," said Mr. Blair, in telling the incident years after its occurrence, "went straight to my heart. The fountain of my speech was dried up, and that was the only reproach Mr. Crittenden ever made me."

But some of Mr. Crittenden's friends did not sympathize with what they incorrectly called his "weakness." One of them, Judge Nicholas, was so exasperated with Mr. Blair's

unjust aspersions of his friend, that he refused to recognize the assailant as an acquaintance.

Shortly after the occurrence, the Judge, being in Washington, made a call on Mr. Crittenden. He found several gentlemen present, and among them Mr. Blair. True to his resolution, Judge Nicholas straightened himself up, and passed Blair without even bowing.

Mr. Crittenden received the Judge with a cordial grasp of the hand. Then turning him around so as to face Blair, said,—

“Here, Nicholas, is our old friend Blair. I know you will be glad to see him.”

There was no resisting such magnanimity. The Judge shook hands with Mr. Blair.

Centuries ago, when a strong man was esteemed a hero, and to capture a city the greatest achievement, a wise king wrote these words :

“He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.”

V. C.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: “Sir Fool,
Kneel, now, and make for us a prayer.”

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: “O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

“No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

“’Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay;
’Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

“The ill timed truth we might have kept;
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness could ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

Edward R. Sill.

THE KING'S GOLDFINCH.

ONE afternoon, the good King Rhoud went to take his customary walk in the wood of Ledre with his friend Earl Reigin, who felt very much alarmed about the dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying themselves in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

As they were walking and talking thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

“It is only a little bird,” said Reigin.

“It does not sing, it screams,” said the king. “The poor thing is in trouble.”

“Let it scream,” said Reigin. “Just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree.”

“The nearest duty first,” said the king. “There is nothing more important just now.” And he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reigin; "it sits too high up."

"In the Isle of Vifils, I have learned to climb a tree; and am not yet so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below on the trunk," urged the Earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But, if you fall and get killed, it would be an eternal shame to have it said that our king lost his life for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong, square shoulders of the Earl helped to lift the slender, agile king up the trunk; and from thence he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch. He came down safely with a little goldfinch in his hand. It had caught its little leg in a narrow crevice of the wood, and could not fly away.

"It shall be my adopted child," said the king, tenderly stroking the feathers, "and the playmate of my little son."

He took the bird home, and had a beautiful cage made for it. "How childish the king is!" said one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of his giving any time or thought to such a small a thing as a bird. "At the moment when war is at the door, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not carelessly run into his own misfortune?"

Meanwhile, their desire for vengeance never slept. The death of Rhoud was decided upon. He had discovered the secret of the conspirators: he had their destiny in his hands, and he must soon die. They had secretly sworn his death, and by promises and threatening had bribed the two slaves that waited on the king's bed-chamber, promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in the king's destruction.

One day, when the king was hunting with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bed-chamber over his head; and, by some ingenious contrivance they had made it keep in its place until some

one could lower it down from the second story with a rope, and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on his couch, and the whole be thought a terrible accident.

The king returned at night late and weary and went to bed. He soon was sound asleep and would probably never have risen again, had not the little bird by its screaming suddenly awakened him. He sat up in bed, and, collecting his thoughts, perceived immediately that he had forgotten that day to give the little creature water and food, and at evening was so overcome by fatigue that he had not thought of it then. He sprang from his couch, saying:

"Oh, thou poor little creature! did I save thy life only to let thee perish?" With these words, he poured water into the little glass and put grain in the little box.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with tremendous noise, and striking the bed crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great commotion in the palace yard; the warriors awoke and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"The king is killed! is killed!" they cried, "King Rhoud is crushed to pieces."

But there stood the king unhurt and smiling, with the bird-cage in his hand; and he cried out to them:

"Do not fear, my friends; God has kept His hand over me."

When Earl Reigin heard how everything had happened, how the plank had fallen, and what had saved the king, he stood long speechless. Then, fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said:

"I shall never again doubt a Divine Providence."

Rhoud, smiling, answered:

"Then you can see, Reigin, one should not scorn little folks. Can a king save a bird? Then the bird can also save the king."

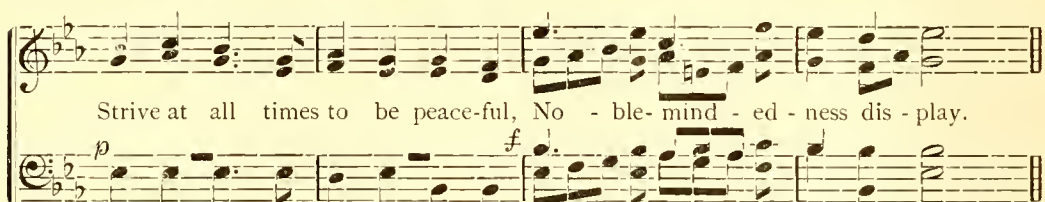
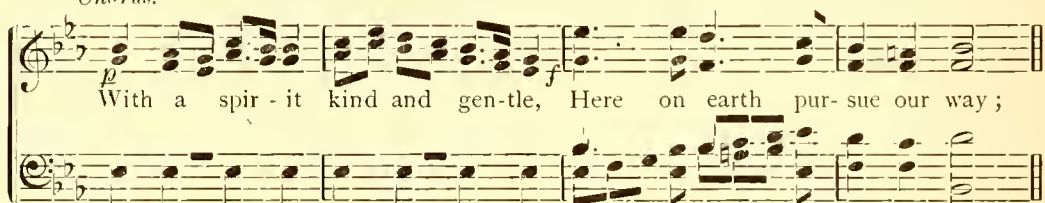
From the Danish.

HE is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

A SONG OF GREETING.

Words by W. M. WILLES.

Music by J. G. FONES.

*Chorus.*

Luscious fruits and fragrant flowers
 Please the taste; delight the eyes;
 Music with melodious members
 Brings to all a glad surprise.
 Fitting emblems are the flowers,
 Youth and beauty they portray;

May we all our choicest powers
 Cultivate from day to day.
 Fond remembrances we'll foster,
 Deeds and words of kindness show;
 Imitate our Lord and Master
 While He sojourned here below.

WATCH!

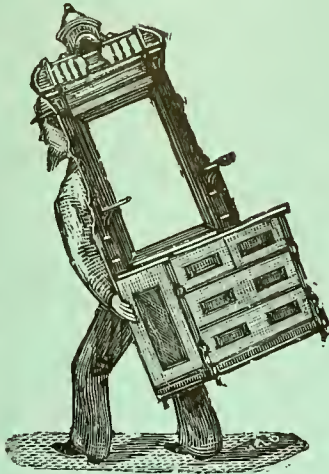
O, WATCH you well by daylight!
 By daylight you may fear;
 But keep no watch in darkness,
 The angels then are near.
 For heaven the sense bestoweth
 Our waking life to keep;
 But tender mercy showeth
 To guard us in our sleep.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure,
 For pleasure oft betrays;
 But keep no watch in sorrow,
 When joy withdraws its rays.
 For in the hour of sorrow,
 As in the darkness dear,
 To heaven trust the morrow,
 For the angels then are near.

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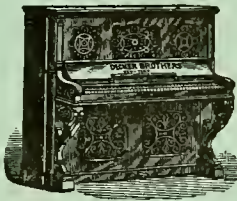
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